FWOOOOSH
AAAA

AAHHHHH!!

SOMEBODY
DO
SOMETHING!!

AAAAAAHH

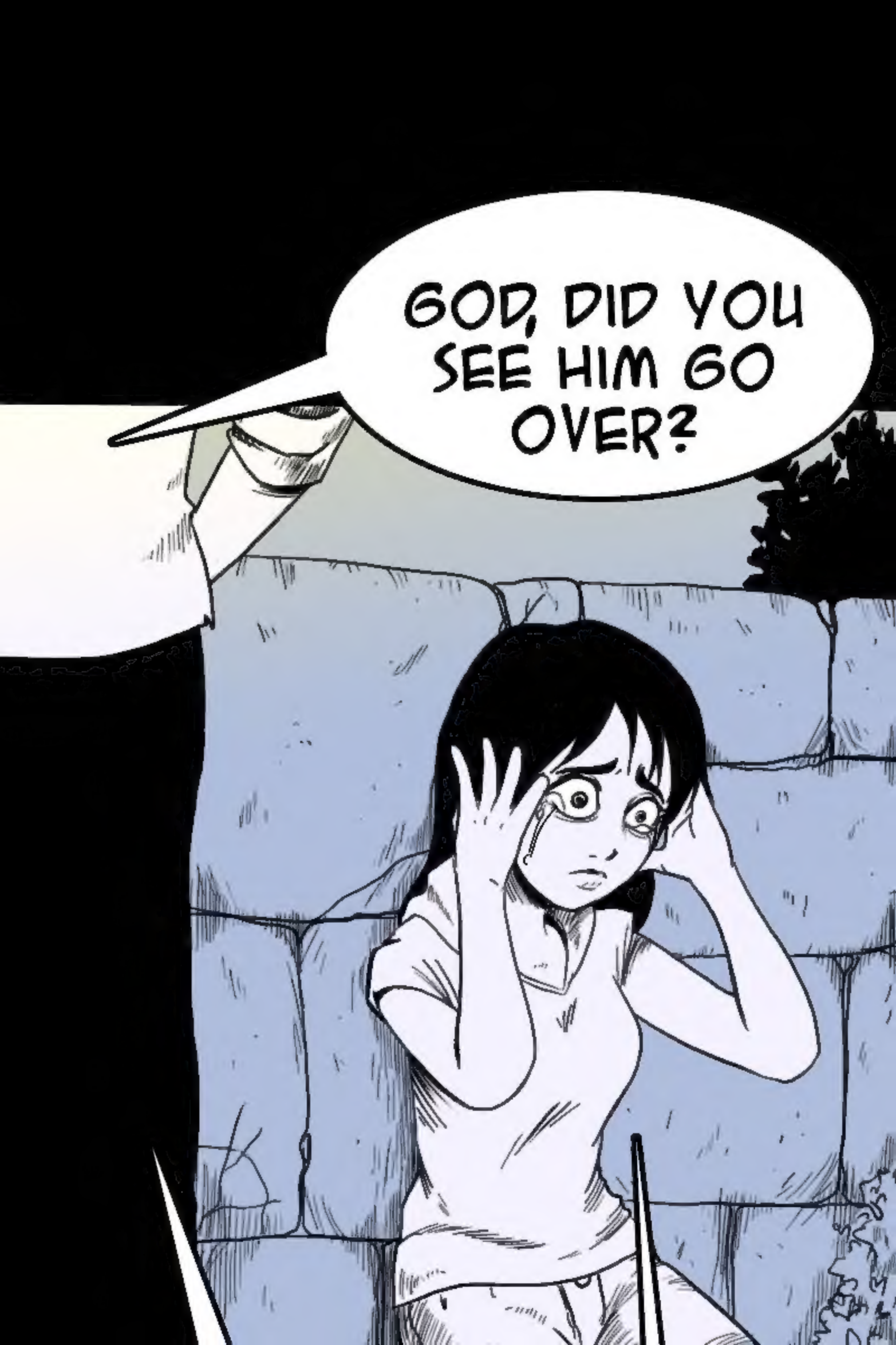
JEREMY! STOP!
COME BACK!!

FWOOOSH

SPLASH

JEREMY!

JEREMY!!


GOD, DID YOU SEE HIM GO OVER?

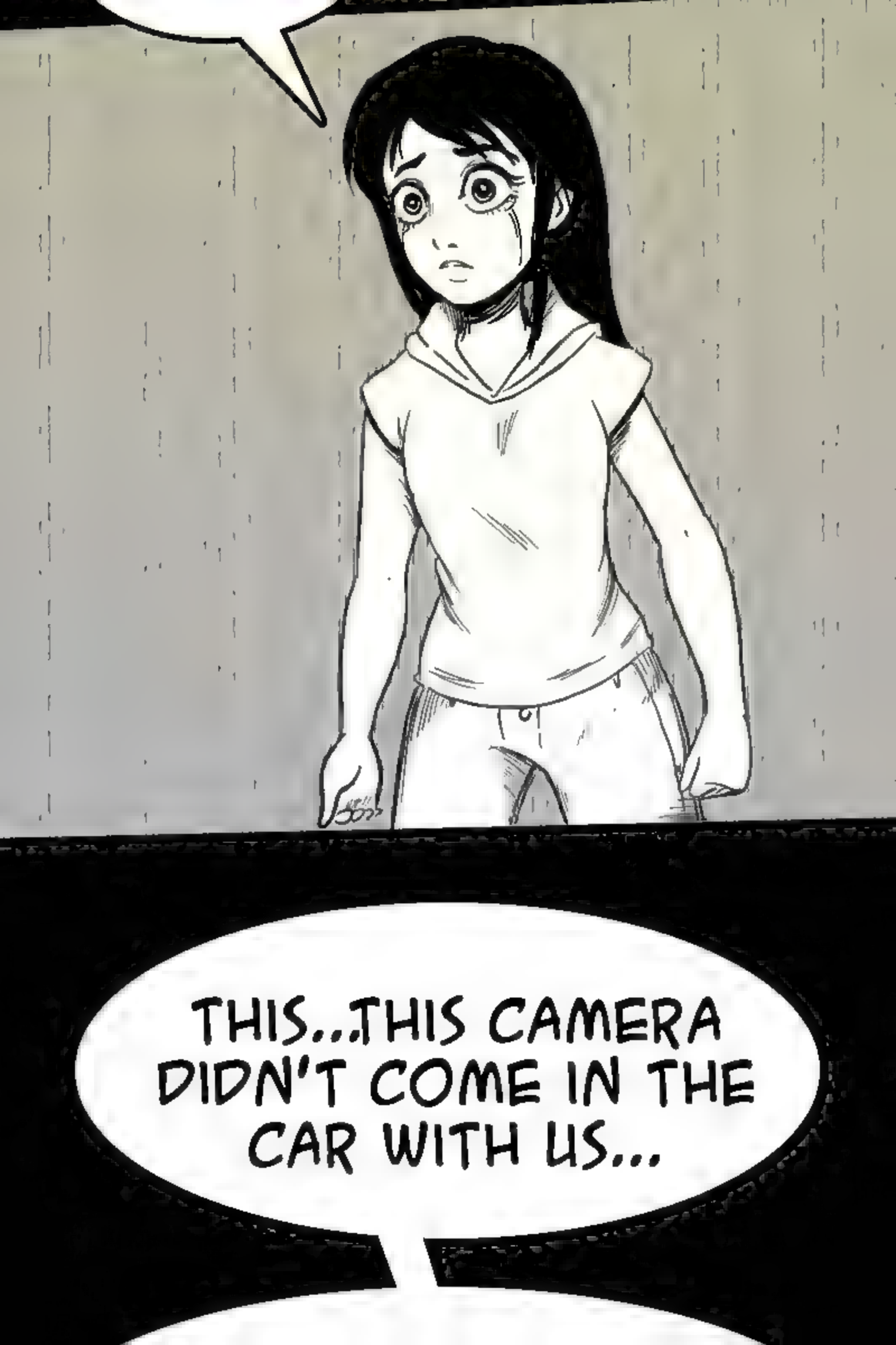
WHO WAS THAT GUY?

THIS ISN'T HAPPENING, IT'S NOT HAPPENING, IT'S NOT...

YOU!
THIS IS ALL

YOUR FAULT!
WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE US ALONE?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHY ARE YOU WATCHING US?
YOU...
YOU-


THIS...THIS CAMERA DIDN'T COME IN THE CAR WITH US...

IT CRAWLED OUT OF THE WOODS WHEN WE PULLED UP...

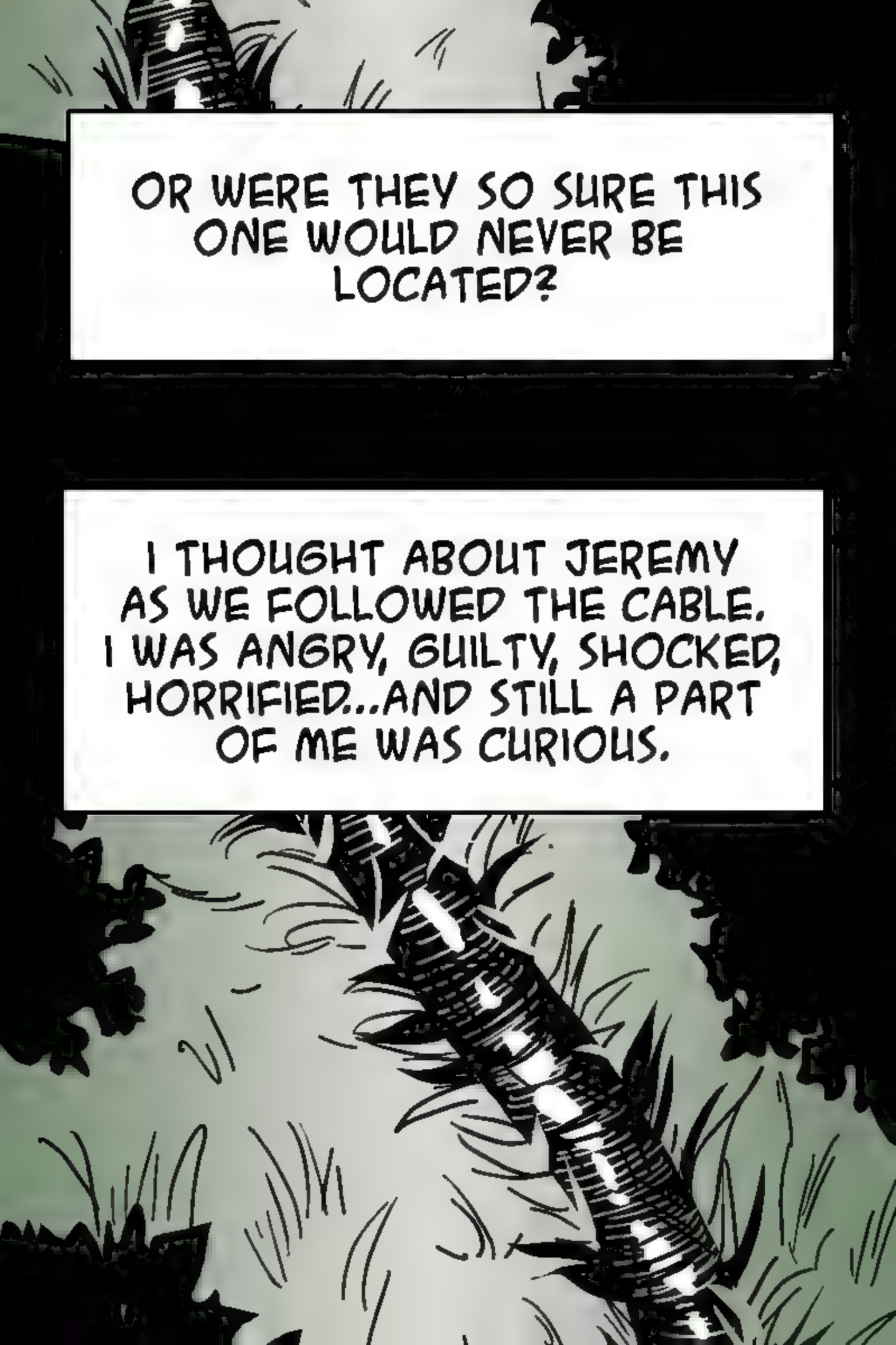
WHY...
HEY! THIS CAMERA LEADS OFF INTO THE WOODS! WE DIDN'T BRING IT! ARE YOU HAPPY NOW?

WHAT? IT'S NOT BURIED?
DAVE, GRAB A SHOVEL. ARNIE, KEEP AN EYE ON THE ROAD HERE.

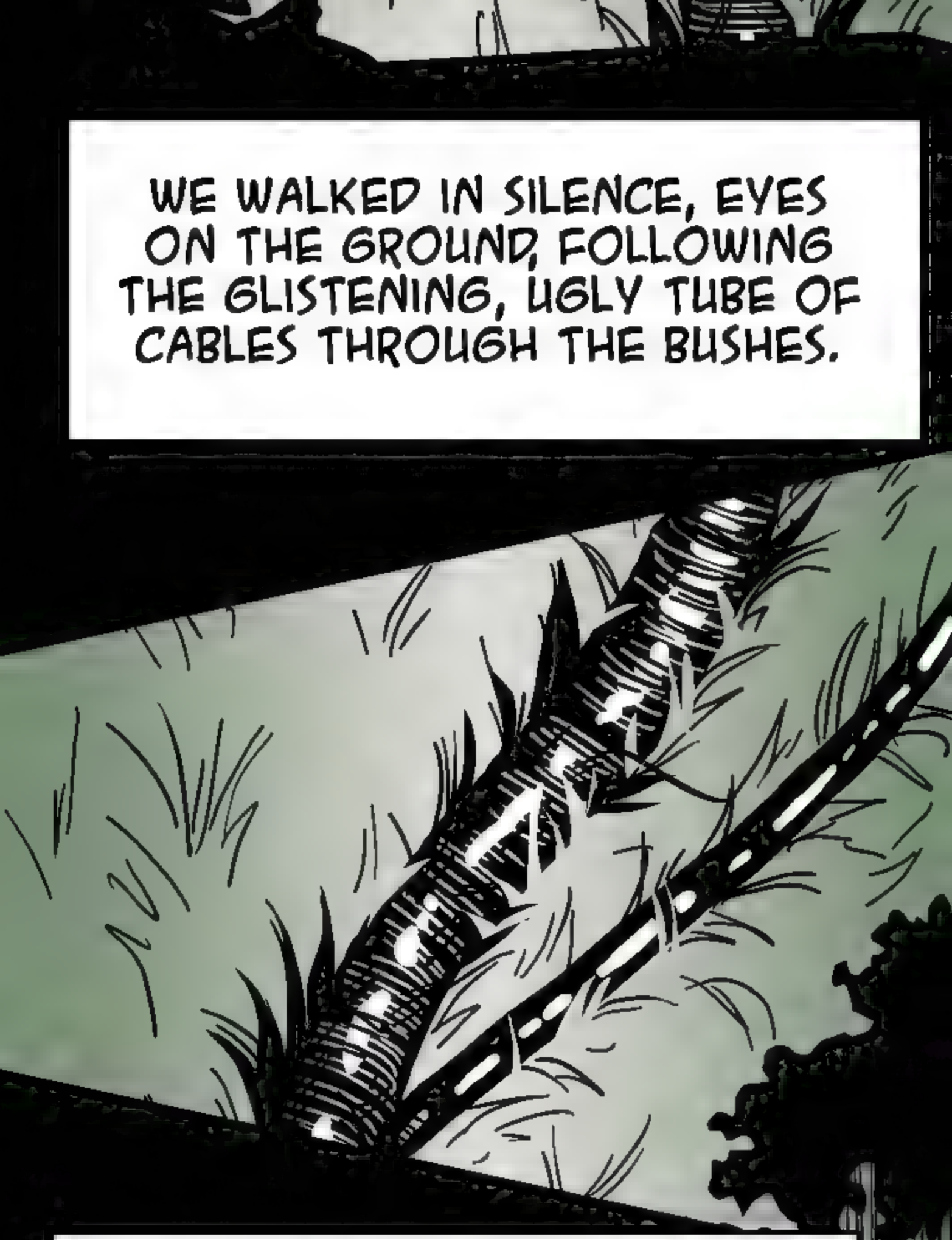
AFTER THE MEN SAW THAT THE CAMERA'S CABLE COULD BE EASILY TRACED ABOVE GROUND, THEY BEGAN TO DO JUST THAT.

NOT KNOWING WHAT ELSE TO DO AND STILL IN SHOCK OVER JEREMY...
I FOLLOWED THEM.

THE CABLE RAN FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE AGES, SNAKING THROUGH THE FOREST. IT WASN'T BURIED LIKE ALL THE OTHERS IN TOWN.
DID THE PEOPLE WHO OWNED THE CAMERAS STOP CARING ABOUT BEING FOUND?

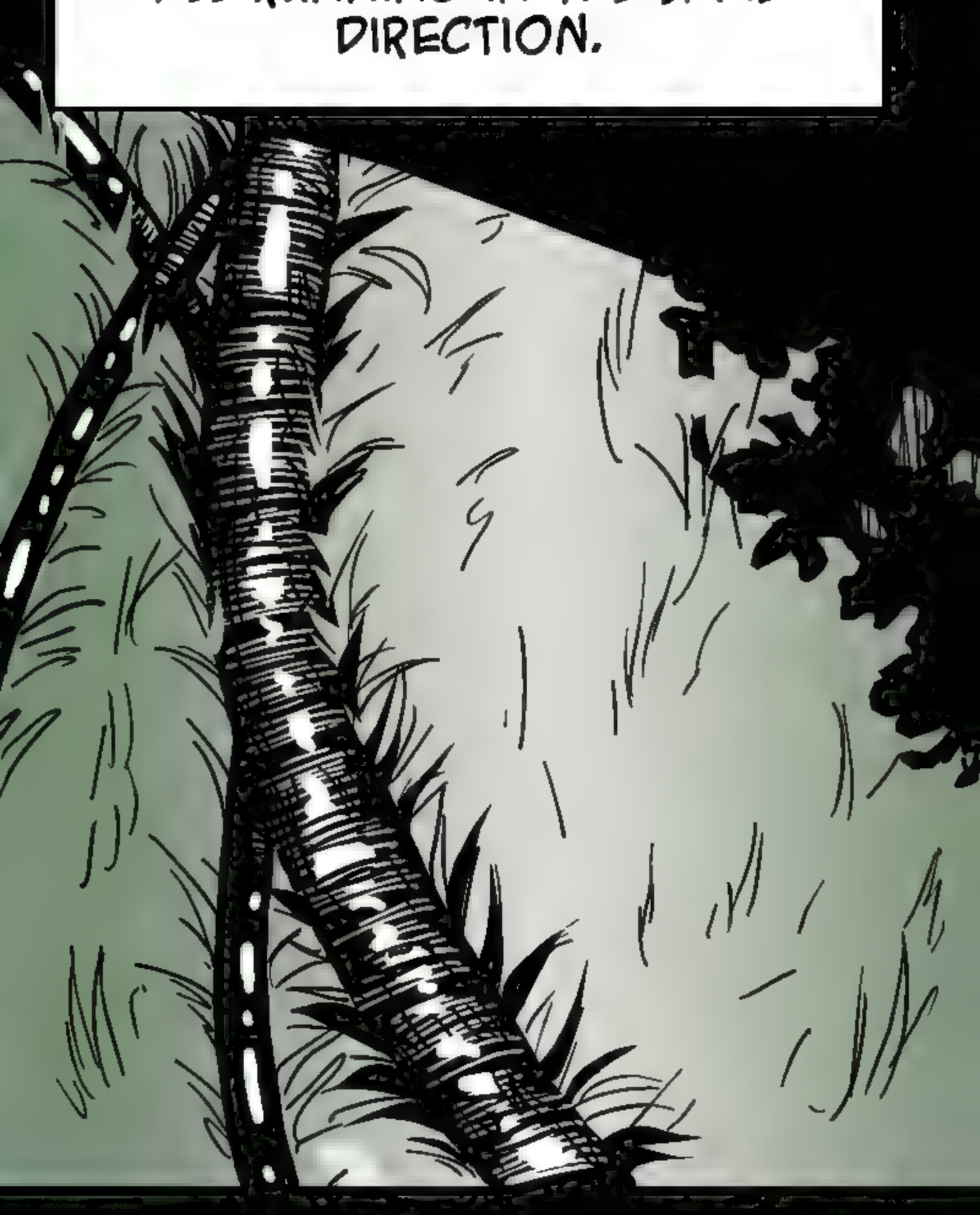

OR WERE THEY SO SURE THIS ONE WOULD NEVER BE LOCATED?
I THOUGHT ABOUT JEREMY AS WE FOLLOWED THE CABLE. I WAS ANGRY, GUILTY, SHOCKED, HORRIFIED...AND STILL A PART OF ME WAS CURIOUS.

WE WALKED IN SILENCE, EYES ON THE GROUND, FOLLOWING THE GLISTENING, UGLY TUBE OF CABLES THROUGH THE BUSHES.



AFTER A WHILE, OTHER EXPOSED CABLES JOINED IT, ALL RUNNING IN THE SAME

DIRECTION.



THE TREES OPENED AT LAST,
AND OUR PATH STILL
CONTINUED...

RIGHT THROUGH AN OLD GRAVEYARD.

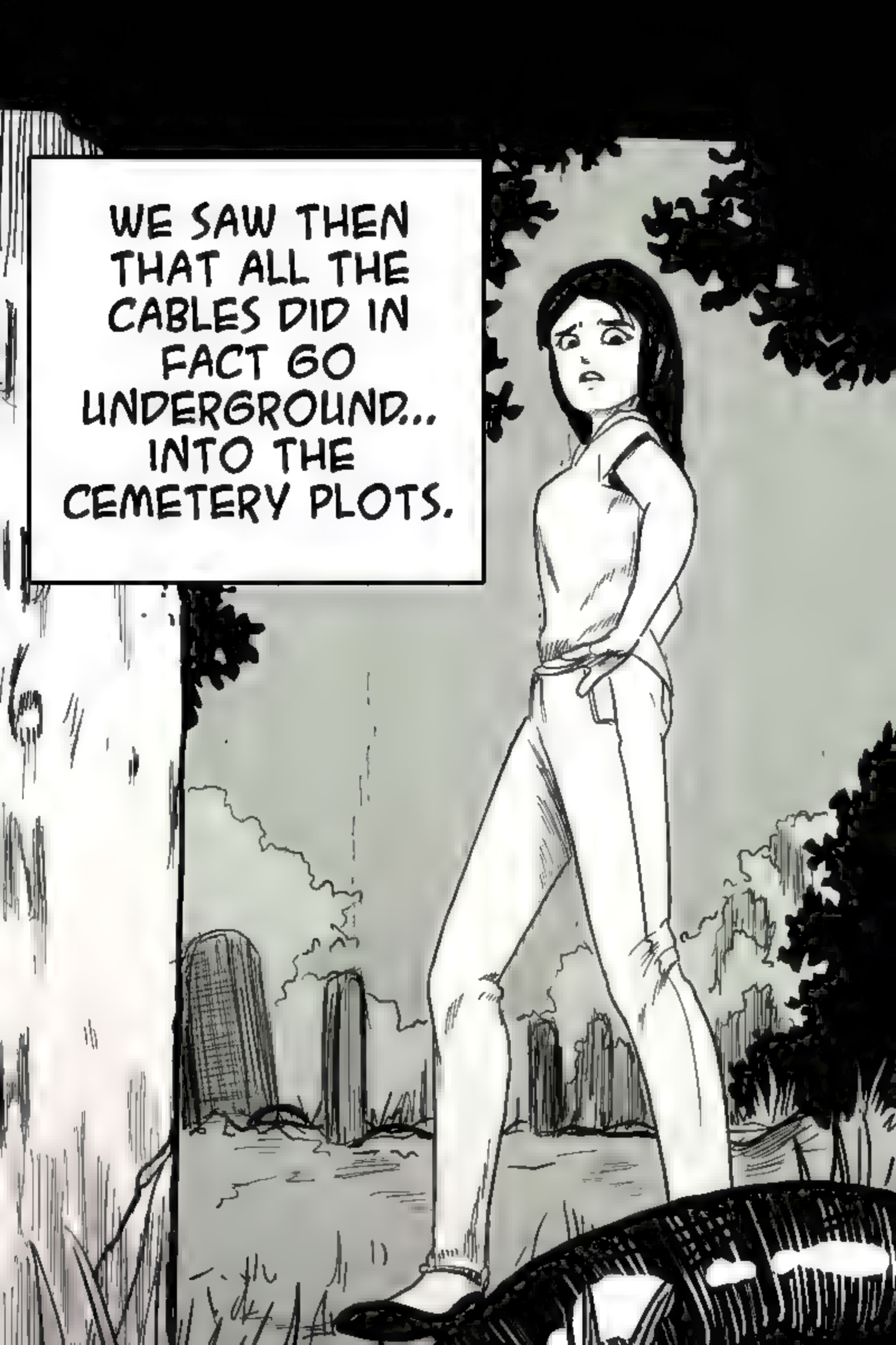
IT WAS A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND CEMETERY, CENTURIES OLD AND FORGOTTEN IN THE WOODS, FAR AWAY FROM MAIN ROADS.

ALL THE CABLES RAN RIGHT THROUGH IT.

WE TRACKED OUR CABLE, BUT IT SOON TANGLED UP WITH OTHERS AMONG THE OLD HEADSTONES.

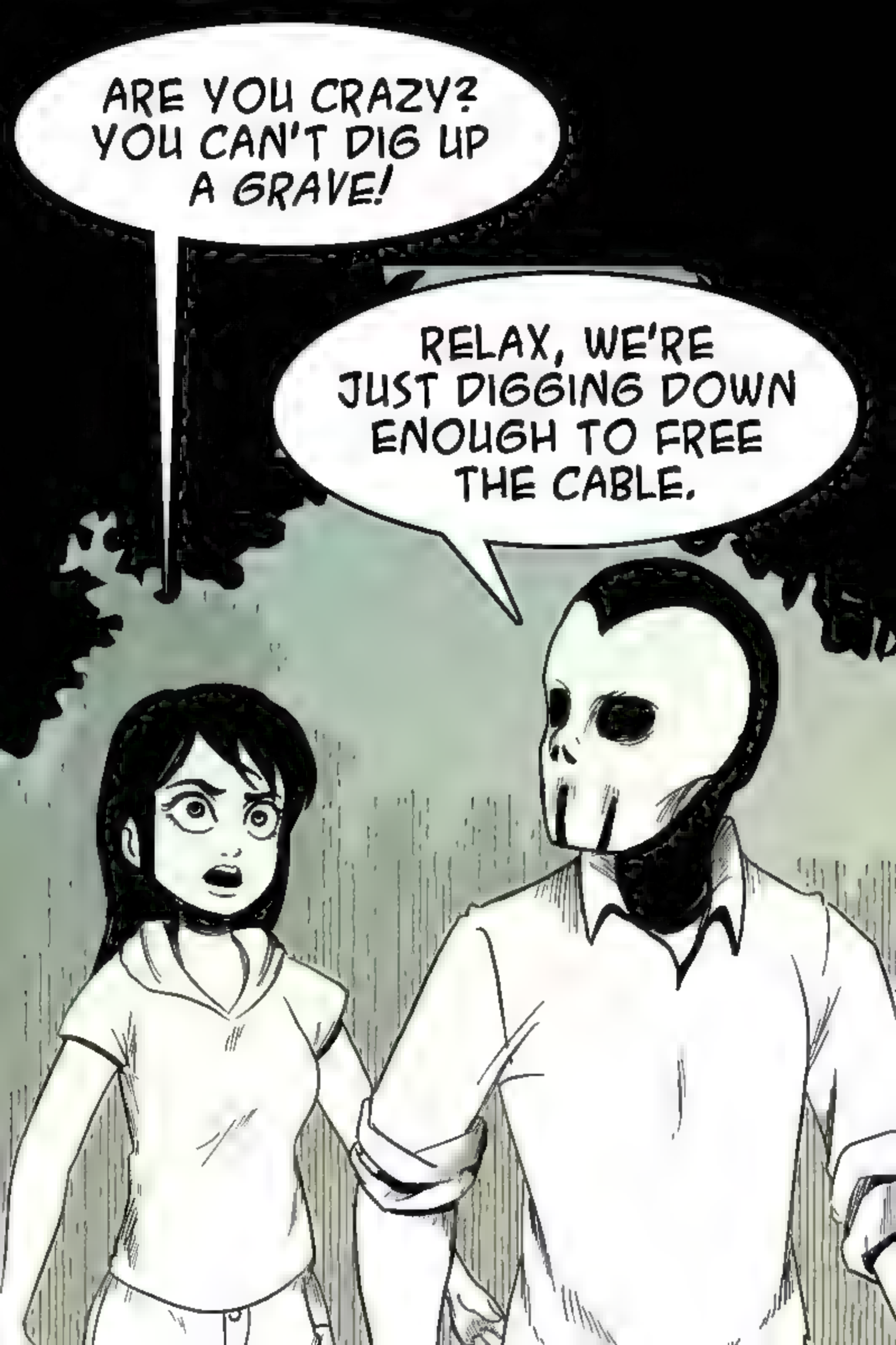
HEY, MARCUS? SLIGHT PROBLEM.

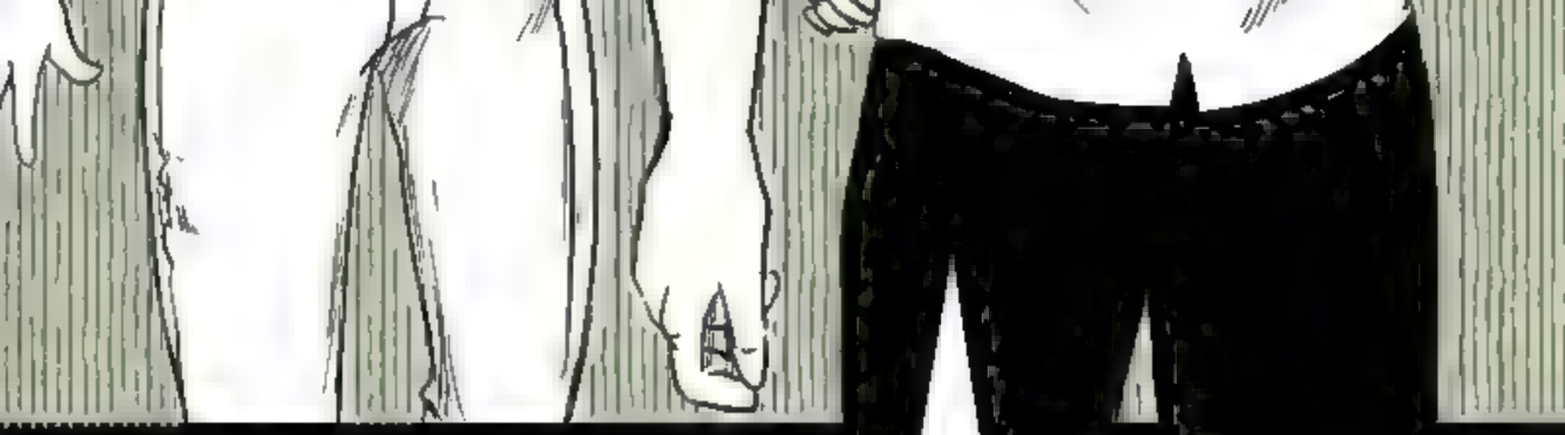
END OF THE LINE.


WE SAW THEN THAT ALL THE CABLES DID IN FACT GO UNDERGROUND... INTO THE CEMETERY PLOTS.

DAVE, GET THE SHOVEL AND DIG OUR CABLE UP. IT'S BOUND TO RESURFACE SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE.

YEAH, 'KAY.


ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU CAN'T DIG UP A GRAVE!
RELAX, WE'RE JUST DIGGING DOWN ENOUGH TO FREE THE CABLE.



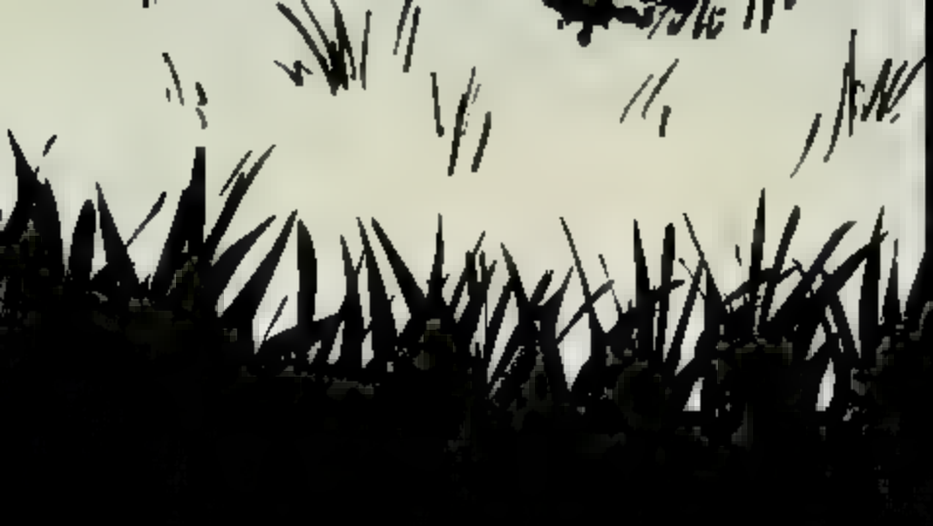
WE WON'T DISTURB ANY OF THE MILLION-YEAR OLD BODIES, LADY.

I WISH I COULD SAY I PUT MY FOOT DOWN ON PRINCIPLE... BUT I DIDN'T.

I WANTED TO KEEP TRACKING THE CABLE AS MUCH AS THE MEN DID.

IT WAS LIKE A STRANGE EFFECT, *PULLING* ME ALONG WITH IT. AS MUCH AS THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE CAMERAS WANTED TO WATCH US, I WANTED TO SEE *THEM*.

AND SO WE BEGAN TO DIG.

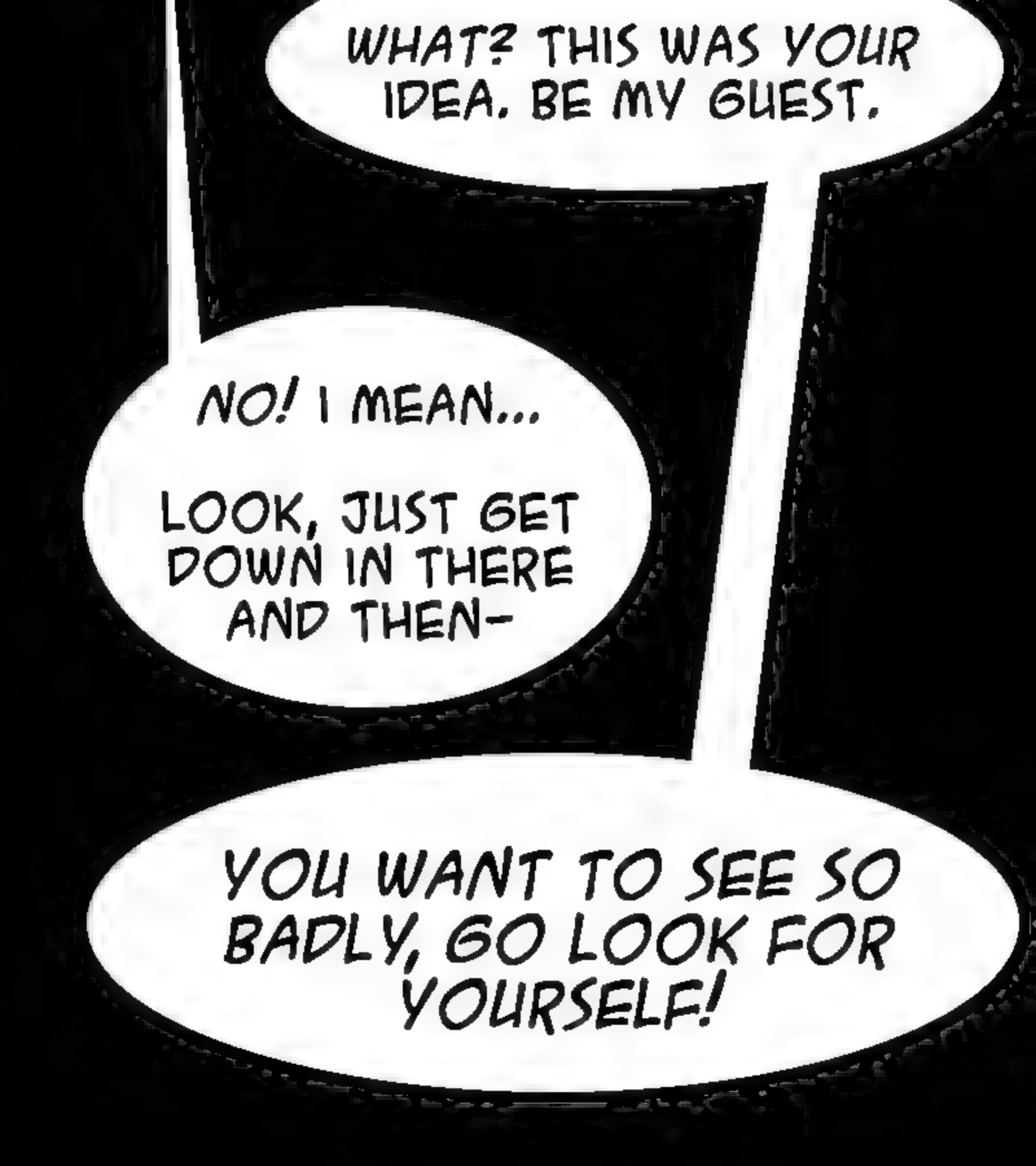


AND WHEN WE FINISHED...

WE SAW IT.

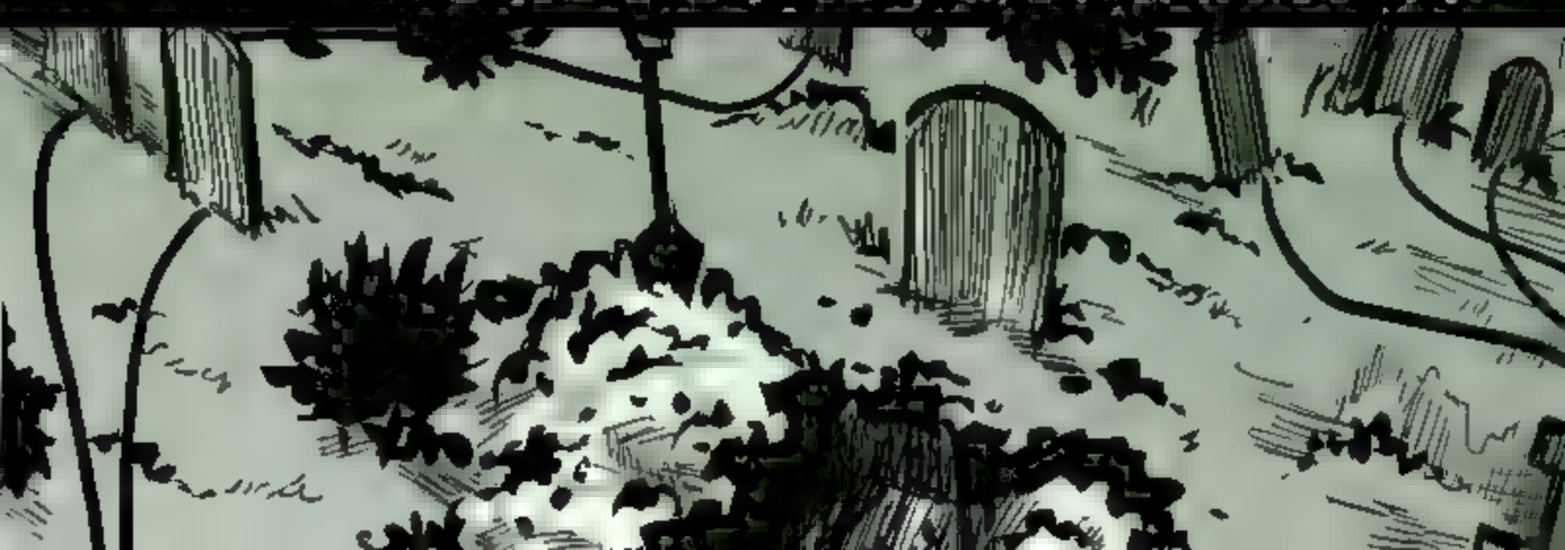
UM...
SO...

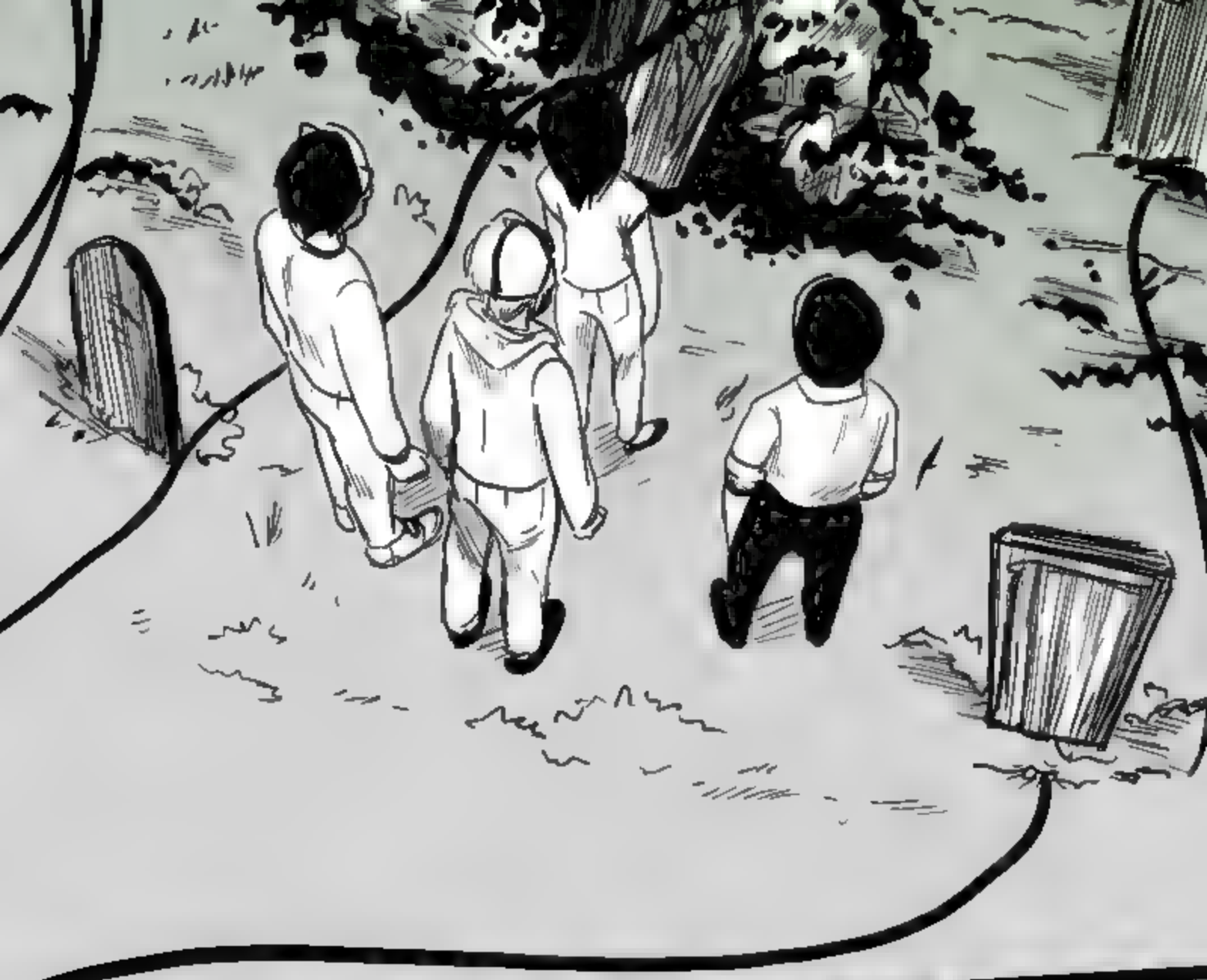
ARE WE... GONNA OPEN IT?
DAVE, OPEN IT.


WHAT? THIS WAS YOUR IDEA. BE MY GUEST.
NO! I MEAN...
LOOK, JUST GET DOWN IN THERE AND THEN-
YOU WANT TO SEE SO BADLY, GO LOOK FOR YOURSELF!

IN THE END...

NO ONE HAD THE GUTS TO LOOK INSIDE.





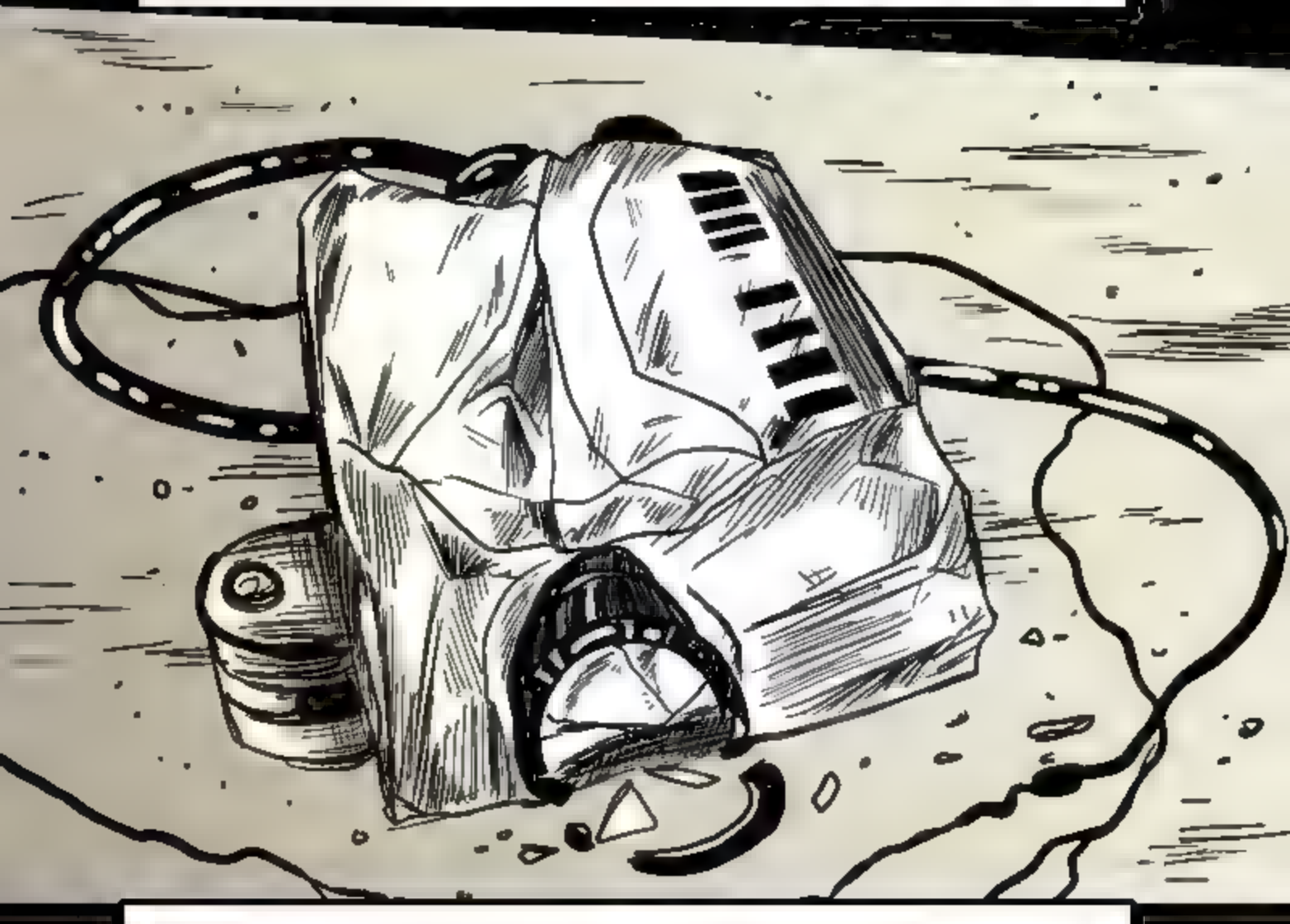
WE LEFT THE GRAVE OPEN AND SLUNK BACK TO OUR HOMES.

THE NEXT DAY, ALL THE CAMERAS IN TOWN JUST STOPPED WORKING.

THEY SORT

OF ...
DRIED UP AND DROPPED TO THE GROUND, LIKE DEAD VINES.

NO ONE COULD EXPLAIN IT.

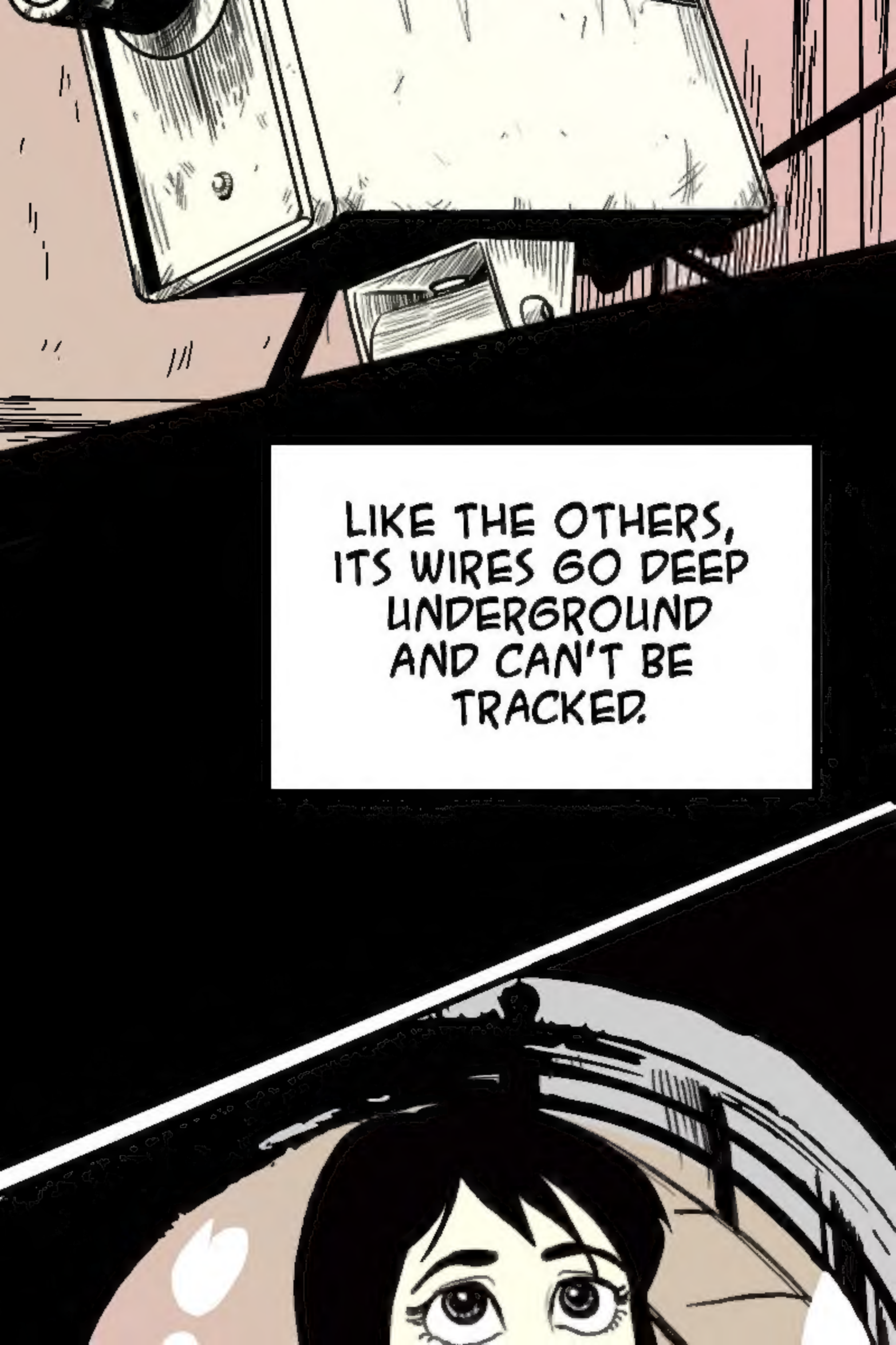


THE POLICE SEARCHED FOR JEREMY, BUT HIS BODY WAS NEVER FOUND.

ONLY ONE CAMERA IN TOWN KEPT WORKING.

ALL IT DOES IS WATCH PEOPLE WALK BY ALL DAY.

IT SEEMS HARMLESS, AND NO ONE WANTS TO TRY AND REMOVE IT.


LIKE THE OTHERS, ITS WIRES GO DEEP UNDERGROUND AND CAN'T BE TRACKED.

BUT SOME PEOPLE CLAIM THE WIRES APPEAR TO HEAD TOWARDS THE RIVER.